

THE COMET
PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNING.
FOR PRESIDENT AND CAPITOL STREETS.
RATES FOR SUBSCRIPTION.
Single subscription, per year, \$2.00
Single subscription, per month, \$0.20
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Ten cents a line for first insertion, five cents a line for each subsequent insertion, for transient advertisements.
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Residence—At Magnolia Cottage, West Jackson.
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W. O. STRAUSS'
THE BARBARIAN—Hats, Caps, Boots,
Shoes, Clothing and Dry Goods.
ANY AND EVERYBODY.
FRESH OYSTERS!
ON ICE.
FROM THE COAST.
AT
ELSON'S OYSTER SALOON,
(MOZZELLE BUILDING.)
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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Jackson, Miss.

ELSON'S OYSTER SALOON,
(MOZZELLE BUILDING.)
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Jackson, Miss.

NEW ORLEANS
INSURANCE ASSOCIATION
CASH ASSETS \$525,000.00.
JACKSON, MISS., AGENCY
Jackson Buildings, Stores, Groceries and other
property insured at reasonable rates.
Insured by J. W. Davis, Agent, Vicksburg,
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M. A. VANHOEK, AGT.
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You Light a Light without smoke
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or desire to be healthy and to have a
bright light, then you need a **BROWN'S**
Lamp. It is the best of all.
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MANUFACTURER of antiques, chairs and
brooms, has on hand at all times a
good stock of home made brooms, will make
any, or repair old ones at reasonable rates.
Also, cleaning and upholstering of all kinds
done on notice. Satisfaction guaranteed in every
particular. (Oct 11-20)

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SHOE AND SHOE MAKER
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FACILITATES THE PATRONAGE OF THE PEOPLE
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reasonable price. Call and leave your order when
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have them when you need them. (Oct 11-20)

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SHOE MAKER.
Established Over 26 Years.

RECEIVED A FINE LOT OF FRENCH
Shoes, and the best of Sole Leather. He
will make the best FIT of any man
in the South. (Oct 11-20)
BRADY AND HARDY,
Ornamental Sign Painters.
Home Painting and Glazing Done
Promptly.
PRICES MODERATE. (Oct 25-26)

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Exclusive Sole for the Celebrated
Brand of
EAGLE CONDENSED MILK.
PER CAN, \$1.75 PER DOZEN.
-AND DEALER IN-
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Between the River and the Railroad.
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SSAID'S HOTEL,
(Cor. of Gravel and Canal Streets.)
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Only, 1.00
OSCAR F. HICKLE,
In charge of Office.



VOL. III.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 29 1879.

NO. 6.

THE COMET
JOB PRINTING,
AND
BOOK PUBLISHING OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF
Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE
MOST APPROVED STYLE.

The Utes must go.
Circuit Court is in session at Starkville.
LEADVILLE and Silver City are
troubled with lot jumpers.

The Irish are having large meetings
about their labor troubles.
The Canton Citizen proposes that
the Speaker of the House be from Yazoo
county.

A FLEET was wrecked on Lake Ontario
on the 18th, and it is supposed that
thirty lives are lost.

The Business Men's Moderation So-
ciety at New York has enrolled as
members, Ben Butler and Gov. Cornell.

HAM CARTER has been solicited to
run for the Senate, to fill the vacancy
caused by the resignation of Furlong.

The cattle men had a royal time in
Chicago. They were dined, wined,
and congratulated.

GEORGE and Andrew Brown were
executed on the 22nd in Galveston. The
hanging was witnessed by a large
crowd.

Fleishy people cannot live in Lead-
ville; Mr. Barrett a corpulent editor
tried it, and couldn't. We are glad he
made the experiment.

DR. C. K. MALSHALL preached at
the African Methodist Church in Vicks-
burg last Sunday, at 11 o'clock A. M.,
and Rev. C. B. Galloway at 9 P. M.

The Catholic ladies of Vicksburg
will hold a fair at Kline's Hall, com-
mencing on the 11th of December, and
continuing till the 23d.

MELDON, on the Mobile and Ohio
Railroad, was visited by a tornado the
other night, and nearly the entire town
demolished.

AN exchange says: The Republi-
cans have got the Presidency, the Dem-
ocrats have got both branches of Con-
gress, and the Greenbacks have got
the goose.

The St. Louis Dispatch thinks one
of the things that is trying to a man's
god, is when he writes to his "best"
girl and has to wait two months for a
reply.

It is rumored that Gov. Cornell will
be made Chairman of the National
Republican Executive Committee. If
he is, it will be a trump card for Con-
kling.

It is stated that a bill will be in-
troduced during the next session of Con-
gress, to cut the President's salary
down to \$25,000. We think that the
salary is low enough now.

The Catholic Priest, Rev. Joseph
Kandola, of Cleveland, is in trouble.
He wrote a letter at which several par-
ties took offense, and he was arrested
for libel.

A SEA-SERPENT 208 feet long, is re-
ported to have been seen by Mr. F. G.
Rowell, of the steam ship Anchorage,
last week, while in the Newfoundland
banks. He says it was longer than the
ship, and made better time.

BEN BUTLER has been before the
people of Massachusetts six times as a
candidate for Governor, and has been
defeated just that many times. He
has not authorized us to do so—hasn't
paid for the notice, but we are responsible
for saying that he will run again
next year. We admire his pluck.

MISS LAURA SICKLES, daughter of
Gen. Dan'l F. Sickles, eloped the other
day. She and her father were in Paris,
and preparations were being made by
the latter for them to start to the
United States; but when the time
arrived for their departure, the blush-
maiden was all ready—gone.

The Glasgow, Ky. Times expresses
its purpose to enlarge on the first of
January. We are glad to know that
it is prosperous—for this is a sign of
prosperity certain. Mr. Richardson,
the facile editor, is a Mississippi—
a Meridian boy—at one time an attaché
of THE COMET. We wish him the suc-
cess he merits.

Mrs. ELIZA PINKSTON's name is
again conspicuous in the newspapers.
The lady is now in jail in Canton, and
the proof that she poisoned her husband
has been strengthened considerably.
She doctors say he was certainly poison-
ed. And as he and Mrs. Pinkston had
been at "outs," the evidence is against
her.

SEBASTIAN B. W. JENNINGS, is dead.
He came remarkably near being Pres-
ident. It seems that by common
consent, in 1852, when the convention
met to nominate a President, the
choice of a candidate was left to the
New Hampshire delegation. In the
caucus, the names of Franklin Pierce
and B. W. Jennings were presented,
and the balloting commenced. There
were nine delegates, the chairman not
casting a vote. The ballot stood 4 for
Pierce and 4 for Jennings. The chair-
man then voted for Pierce, which gave
him the nomination. So it is seen,
since Pierce was elected, that Jennings
came within one vote of being Pres-
ident.

**REBUKE FROM A STRANGE
QUARTER.**
BY REV. CHAR. B. GALLOWAY, OF VICKSBURG.

The Church is the divinely author-
ized teacher of religion and morals.
The promise of God is that the gates
of hell shall not prevail against it. Its
mission is appointed and its teachings
revealed. Fidelity, both to appoint-
ment and doctrine, is its measure of
success. Yet its office has been desec-
rated and its teachings perverted.
Thus truth has been wounded in the
house of its friends.

The above reflection has been sug-
gested by the recent efforts of the Post-
master General to arrest the prostitu-
tion of the United States mail service
to the lottery swindles and more re-
spectable gambling schemes that dis-
grace our civilization. And the anom-
alous fact is, that while the govern-
ment is just feeling a revival of con-
science on this subject, the church, in
many places, is "falling from grace."

Gen. Key, at the head of our Post-
office Department, and Anthony Com-
stock with his Society for the Suppres-
sion of Vicious Literature, deserve
the support of all good citizens. It
is a matter of humiliation that several
of the grandest of Southern legisla-
tures, and more, that names once the
synonym of chivalry and manly
honor have been prominently and
officially connected therewith. With-
out seeking a milder characterization,
they are legalized frauds. Their
tickets enfold the poison of a lie. They
are a blight to good morals and social
integrity, and the mails and news-
papers of the country only carry—as
on the wings of a death-angel—the
mortal pestilence. But while we re-
buke, Applause to Gen.

Key is stern rebuke to churches and
christians of easy conscience. A ticket
in the Havana, Louisiana, or Louisi-
ana Lottery is no greater offense to
moral integrity than a chance in a
church raffle. The end never justifies
the means. Wrong can never be made
right, though baptised with good in-
tections and consecrated to divine
ends. That remark of a distinguished
gentleman of Virginia, was more
stinging than facitons. Returning
one evening from a church fair, he
was asked by a friend where he had
been. He replied: "I have been
around here eating oysters for the
Lord, at a dollar a dozen." The officers
of the church in Philadelphia once in-
structed its treasurer to pay certain lot-
tery tickets, specifying the numbers in
the resolution. Within a church build-
ing in the city of New York, during the
process of its erection, itself a mon-
ument of architectural genius and splen-
dor, fifty thousand dollars was made by
the sale of intoxicating liquors. In
Punch there is a striking caricature of
a church fair: A liberal gentleman has
bought a plate of delicious oyster soup
from a fair servant of the Lord; he is
represented as straining neck and eyes,
with the aid of a microscope, peering
into the dish in search of one stray,
coveted bubble, but all in vain. Thus,
the Church, the Heaven-appointed con-
servator of morals, is put to open
shame. Far better worship under the
groves—God's first temples—without
shelter from storm or sun, than to lower
the standard of divine truth.

The legalized lotteries of the country
are debauching the morals of our
youth. Tempting possibilities to sud-
den and great wealth are offered, which
beget a love for games of chance and a
distaste for the monotony of honest
toil. Unless arrested, we will raise up
a nation of gamblers. Who is so dead
to parental responsibility and chivalrous
honor as not to blush at the thought of
being the father of a gambler. Yet this
is the result of these fraudulent
companies, whose dangerous influences
are now compelling the attention of the
general government. Without a strong
foundation of good morals no nation
can long survive.

But apart from its morality this is
a most hazardous and foolish invest-
ment. It is a ridiculous squandering
of means. On this point read the fol-
lowing from the New York Times:
A glance at a lottery scheme ought to
convince any person capable of reasoning
of the ruinous folly of such investments. Take
one of the companies whose agents in this
city are now being prosecuted as an example.
This company advertises 100,000 tickets
at \$2 each, and 1,857 prizes, amounting to
\$10,400. Now the chances are nearly 33
to 1 against a given ticket drawing any prize
at all. In a matter of life and death in any
human enterprise, except gambling, such a
chance would not be worth a moment's
consideration. The chances of drawing any
of the very few prizes over \$10 in amount
are so infinitesimally small that a man
might purchase a ticket or ten tickets at
every morning drawing for fifty years with
a little prospect of getting one of them at
making a fortune at a "skin" game of
chance. To any estimate of mathematical
probability should always be added the
unknown but doubtless formidable ele-
ment of fraud on the part of the managers.
On most of the patrons of these lotteries
reasoning is wasted, however. An observ-
ant person will notice that serving girls, ill-
dressed and half-starved, and poor clerks, and
laboring men predominate among the
throng that pass in and out of the agent's
office. These misguided people literally
take the bread from their mouths to buy
lottery tickets, and the mean and grasping
band of managers fattens on their misery.
Over \$200,000 a year are paid out in this
city for lottery tickets, mostly by people
too poor to live decently. It is a shameful
waste of hard-earned money, and should be
stopped.

Now if the churches will aid in this
reform, the work must begin at home.
Satanism in the lap of a false Deity, is
born of strength.

FEARS are entertained that Mr.
Jefferson Davis will lose his eyesight.

**A REMINISCENCE OF TWO JACK-
SON MEN.**
BY A JACKSON BOY.

Whenever I make a visit to Jackson, I am
irresistibly drawn to the cemetery. I visit
it with something like the devotion the
Moslem does to the shrine of Mecca. It is
a sacred spot to me. Not only are loved
ones buried there, but many cherished and
well-remembered friends—friends of my
early youth, and friends that I have rever-
ently and esteemed in my more mature
manhood. The faces I meet on the streets
are mostly strange. The forms and features
of those who rest in this silent city of the
dead come up to my remembrance as famil-
iar as they were in those by-gone days,
before the angel Azazel swept them
before the land of shadows, and made
our hearts desolate. Sometimes I wonder,
like "Old Mortality," through these beau-
tiful grounds, occasionally halting by some
marble slab, and brushing away the moss
and ivy that have entwined themselves
around it, that I may trace out the familiar
names that have been "carved for many a
year on the tomb." Sometimes I rest by
the side of some hillock, long overgrown
with grass, and call to remembrance the
form and features that have long since
been hidden away under the cold and silent
soil. I have passed into these sacred pre-
cincts, but I feel chastened and a reverent
feeling seems to take possession of me.
I feel that I am treading on the middle
ground—that narrow isthmus that divides
us from time and a never ending eternity.
Do you stand by the grave of one for whom
you have had feelings of estrangement? How
the heart melts in profound sorrow as you
survey the humble grave! Poor dust
of humanity! And can it be that we should
ever have cherished a feeling of hatred and
animosity for this atom of clay that now
lies so helplessly before us?

Near the main entrance, silently sleeping
side by side, are the graves of two young
men whose names were once familiar as
household words to the quondam citizens
of Jackson, and there are a few still living
who will recall with pleasure their bright
and happy faces. Joe Revel and Bill Phil-
lips. Happy Joe, whose face was always
like a summer's sunshine; with a merry
going to all—a good companion to the
young, and a pleasant associate to the
more mature years. Tossing above his
companion like a son of Ajax, thoughtful
and sad, full of kindly courtesy to all,
Bill Phillips, as he was familiarly known,
was the synonym of all that was truly noble
and great.

One bright Spring morning, more than
three years ago, these two young men,
in company with more than thirty others,
led on by that gallant old captain, John L.
Mann, left their homes and firesides for
the far off shores of Mexico. Forming a
part of the First Mississippi Regiment—
commanded by our own loved Jefferson
Davis, the little band of Jackson boys—were
followed to the old Jackson depot—then just
above where the Edwards House now stands
—and sad were the farewells then spoken
and bitter were the tears then shed by
their friends and relations. Only a few
months passed, and there came tidings of
the battle of Monterey, and of the part
the Mississippi Regiment took in the con-
test. The boys from Jackson, led by the
intrepid Col. McClung, walked the walls of
that ancient tower, and halting in the
doors of the houses, fought from house-
top to house-top, until the Mexican soldiers
cried out for quarter. Only two of these
young men from Jackson, I believe, were
wounded—both of whom, after years of
usefulness, now sleep quietly in the cen-
tury at Jackson—Hugh Pierce and John J.
Ligon.

A few months later the battle of Juma
Vista was fought, and when the tide of bat-
tle waxed hot, and the little American
army under that grand old hero, Zachary
Taylor, was about being routed, the gallant
Davis with the First Mississippi Regiment
made the dreadful shock of battle, and for
hours held the Mexican army in check,
hurling back charge upon charge of the
lancers, until the disappointed and disheart-
ened Mexican soldiers withdrew under the
friendly cover of night. It was a sad
night to the little American army, and one
of profound sorrow to the gallant First
Mississippi Regiment. In a deep ravine,
through which the Regiment had been
driven, scattered here and there were the
lifeless bodies of Frank Robinson, Bill
Joyce, Jim Graves, Joe Revel and Bill
Phillips, all Jackson boys. They had
fought their last battle and now slept the
last that knows no waking.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards their lowly bed,
On that great day of war."

A few months later the Regiment was
disbanded, their term of service having ex-
pired, and the whole country was alive
with the news of the home-returning
veterans.

This writer, though then a mere boy,
will remember the beautiful morning
when all Jackson assembled at the depot to
welcome home the remnant of that gallant
little band that had gone forth in the de-
fence of their country.

"Welcome to your homes again
Ye men of Iron nerve,
For ye have proved your strength like men
Who would their country serve."

"On Beams Vista's bloody heights
You did what men might do,
With hearts that knew not how to fail,
With weapons tried and true."

"And oh, how swelled our hearts with pride
When news came from afar,
How ye had saved the battle's tide
On that great day of war."

These beautiful lines, as well as this
writer, after a lapse of many busy and
eventful years can remember them, were
written by a gifted young poet of Jackson,
Marcus L. Carpenter. He, too, is buried
in the city cemetery.

It was a glad day to many as the train
stopped at the old Jackson Depot. That
veteran organization, the Jackson Fire Com-
pany No. 1, had come out to meet their
former friends and comrades, and long

rang the hurrahs! as each familiar face
passed down the line; hand grasping hand,
and all hearts filled with the deepest emo-
tion. It was a sad but merry greeting. A
short time after peace was declared, the
remains of Joe Revel and Bill Phillips were
brought home. It was a solemn day to all
Jackson. For twenty-four hours the re-
mains rested in state in the rotunda of the
Capitol building. All day long the friends
and relatives of the deceased lingered
around them, and bitter were the tears shed
as they surveyed the emblems that contained
all that was mortal of these two gallant and
well-beloved young men. The next morn-
ing the city was silent. All business was
suspended. The entire populace had as-
sembled to perform the last and funeral
rites. As the procession moved off with
the sound of muffled drum, the heavy roar
of artillery broke in upon the morning
stillness. Slowly and silently, the vast
concourse moved to those quiet grounds,
where nought ever disturbs those who re-
pose in them. With heavy hearts and tear-
ful eyes of those present the remains were
lowered into the grave. On the same
battlefield they had fallen side by side, and
it was meet that they should rest in the same
grave. Comrades in arms, they had laid
down their lives in the defence of our
loved country, and they now sleep quietly
together. The long branching tendrils of
the Bermuda, emblematic of their own
sunny South, may grow green above their
graves, and the mocking bird may pour
forth his morning carols in the spreading
branches above them, but in quiet they
will sleep on until the great Resurrection
morning shall call them forth, when all
relatives and kindred shall appear before
the great judgment bar, there to receive a
crown of everlasting life prepared for those
who have "fought the good fight—have
kept the Faith"—and are prepared to enter
into those joys that are to remain forever
more.

Always remember the old folks,
young men—they were the first friends
you ever had, and about the only ones
a great many of you have had.
The editor of the Science of Health
sat up till 1 o'clock the other night,
writing a ten page article on the
benefits of early rising, and then went
to bed and slept until 10 o'clock the
next day. "Consistency thou art a—"

Rankin county girl—"Yes, mamma,
I know George is much handsomer,
but then Fred's shoulders are so broad
and nice!"

The other evening a bashful young
man of West Jackson was called upon
in prayer meeting to lead in prayer,
and began, "Our Father we thank
thee for this beautiful Sabbath morn-
ing"—then he stopped suddenly and
blushed like a tanned beet, for lo!
it was Friday night!

We'd like very much to have been
born about 1890; for then the question
of future punishment, hell, etc., will
have been eternally settled, and a fel-
low would know whether he ought to
repent and go about with a face as
long as a lamp post, or splurge around
and make the most of this rather in-
teresting world; but there's always
some ungratified wish hanging around
the human heart, and causing trouble
and gnashing of teeth.

Capt. Paul Boyton is making ar-
rangements to swim around the North
Pole next winter. (This item is patent-
ed, and paragraphers tampering with
it will be dealt with to the fullest ex-
tent of the law.)

By-and-by these old gray haired cen-
tenarians who can hobble around and
lie so much about personal interviews
with George Washington, and are
fully poised in regard to revolutionary
affairs generally, will have all died
away, and then, oh! what then, will
the average John do for an item?

If you possess any desire to realize
what a confoundingly small drop you
are in the world's great ocean, just
take up your abode in a large city, and
die there—you'll be surprised at the
alarmingly small amount of attention
you will receive.

Boys, don't ever marry merely
for money; but while you are fall-
ing in love you might as well fall in
love with a moneyed girl as any other.

A Raymond girl informed us con-
fidentially that the happiest half hour
of her existence was spent in watching
two young men fight at the church
door in order to decide which was to
escort her home after service.

A Chicago book agent went to Mem-
phis during the epidemic, contracted
the fever, suffered two weeks, had a
relapse, recovered, and returning to
Chicago, wrote a history of the pestil-
ence, and is now back in Memphis,
selling the book. Nothing short of a
pile driver or a locomotive can dis-
courage a book agent.

VALENTINE VOX.
Comets and Women.
Natchez State Gazette, July 10, 1879.
Comets doubtless answer some wise
and good purpose in the creation; so
do women. Comets are incomprehen-
sibly beautiful and eccentric; so are
women. Comets shine with peculiar
splendor, but at night appear most
splendid; so do women. Comets are
enveloped with a lucid nebula, through
which their forms are visible; so are
women. Comets are therefore closely
likened to the philosopher, and of
the "cloud of the valley;" so do women.
Comets and women are therefore essen-
tially analogous, but the nature of both
being inscrutable, all that remains for
us to do, is to view with admiration
the one, and almost to adore the other.

The Yazoo Election.
Special to the Cincinnati Gazette.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The following
polls were open at the Courthouse
of Henry M. Dixon, lately assassinated.
The name of the writer is suppressed, for
reasons which are apparent.

Yazoo City, Miss., Nov. 7, 1879.
Mr. Frank Dixon.
Friend Frank—The election is over,
and I know you are anxious to hear how it
passed off. I will not attempt to give you
a full account of everything for it would
take several days to write it. I will only
state a few facts in regard to what occurred
on the day of the election.

Every thing passed among the hall-
ways that if the negroes could not be in-
duced to vote with them that they would
not let them vote at all. As soon as the
polls were open at the Courthouse Jim
Barkdale, Tom Williams, Whiskey, Gil-
son, Bob Wheeler, Lankgrith, and about
twenty others took a stand at the gate.
They went on in this way until about 11
o'clock, when Col. Holder gave a signal,
and all drew their pistols and commenced
firing into the air. The negroes all ran off,
and the whites were left to the whites.
The same game was played at Benton and
Dover, when all the negroes collected at
the polls they commenced firing in the
air. Col. Holder, and his associates, were
South to know that a negro can't stand that
sort of punishment. I don't think there
was exceeding 500 negro votes cast in the
county.

At Silver Creek, where everything was
solidly Independent, they would not fur-
nish them with either box or registration
books, so that the whites were not com-
pelled to do so. I don't suppose, in the history
of any country, such fraud and villainy was
ever before practiced on a people. Taylor
had about seventy deputies appointed to
keep peace and order at the polls, all of
which participated in the shooting. Taylor
died four shots. It is amusing to see
a negro walk up the streets with a jaw
broken, and whenever he is asked what
is the matter, he will answer, "Oh, nothing;
I tried to vote an Independent ticket at the
Courthouse."

As soon as I can see all the boys from
the other precincts I will write the whole
thing up and send it to you.
Your friend,

The writer was in Yazoo county two
days before the election, and remained
there two days after it was over. It is
strange that we saw none of this. At
Phoenix, in the heat that gave the
largest Democratic majority in the
county, Jesse Bell, Independent candi-
date for Chancery Clerk, told us that
the election was perfectly fair, and
added, moreover, that the Independent
ticket was bound to be defeated. He, as
well as myself, saw that the negroes
were voting open Democratic tickets,
—a ticket of their own selection.

We ought to be thankful.
BY VALENTINE VOX.
We ought to be thankful that there are
no cats in Greenland—imagine a country
where the nights are six months long that
contains cats.

We ought to be thankful that as a gen-
eral thing our mothers-in-law are created
older than we—there's always some re-
flection on you now, that the old lady will
"shame" you, and that she has lived you a
few years of peace and quietness at the
tail end of life.

We ought to be thankful that the busi-
ness end of the festive was comparatively
small—just think for a moment of a
wasp as large as an elephant, with a stinger
in proportion! Where!—we shudder.

We ought to be thankful that once in a
while a book agent dies; mind we don't say
he died a natural death—that's impossi-
ble—he'd seem to do such a thing; but
occasionally, say once in every five or six
years, the butt end of life strikes one of
them a center blow, and he tumbles—gum-
to the last, though—and spitting forth red
hot destruction to Heaven, earth and the
universe generally.

We ought to be thankful that bread is
cheaper than cigars and whisky—for if it
weren't, things would go awfully hard
on many a man, and we wouldn't have
any of them.

We ought to be very thankful that there
are a few thankbills lingering around in
the heavens somewhere, for the man that
gets away with three plates of soup at din-
ner, for the boy who "didn't know" he was
loaded, and for the girl who "said it just
for fun."

Two Pictures.
Golden Rule Plot.
I.
Miss Blanche Murry is a very proper
young lady. Last week she caught her
little brother smoking.

"You terrible man!" she hissed, "I
am going to tell father on you!"
"This is only corn silk," murmured
the boy, penitently.
"I don't care what it is. I am going
to tell on you, and see that you don't
get into that beastly, horrid, degrading
habit. I wouldn't have anything to do
with smokers."

It is evening. Miss Murry is sitting
on the front stoop with Algernon. It
is moonlight, and the silver robes of
the honeymoon and syringa are wait-
ing bliss to their already intoxicated
souls.

"Would little bird object to me
smoking a cigarette?"
"Not at all," replied Miss Murry.
"Like cigarettes, they are so fragrant
and romantic. I think they are just
too delicious for anything."
"Then I'll light one."
"Do, and blow some of the smoke in
my face, it is so soothing and dreamily
paradise."
Then he lights a cigarette, and they
talk about the weather for two hours
and a half.

**MAJ. J. N. WATT'S OPEN REPLY TO
GEN. CHAMBERS.**
A Manly and Patriotic View.
From the Winona Address.
THE SILVER QUESTION.
WINONA, MISS., Nov. 17, 1879.

Editor Advance—I find in the COMET
of Nov. 15th, 1879, an open letter from
Gen. J. R. Chambers, addressed to myself,
on the silver question, and Col. Lamar's
contending with it, and while I do not pre-
pose entering into discussion upon its merits,
I do propose solving the seeming
mystery of the enforcement by the people
of Col. Lamar. Apart from his views on
the currency, he is esteemed by his people
a great national, conservative and proper
man, and after upon all the questions
involving our interest and honor, as
members of a great commonwealth—ever
vigilant and active in proclaiming what
he believes to be right, independent of con-
siderations of party, and of the
consequences. For this he is great and hon-
ored. He was, and is, of adverse opinion
to the then convictions of the Legislature
and our nation's silver bill—her story
generally on the silver bill—her story
I am sure, to condemn one or the other is
not the word that should be used—all are
entitled to the right of opinion, purpose and
action, and since the rapid development of
the subject in which all parties to that
most intricate and difficult subject have
been so much engaged